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VOL. IV.—No. 165. MANCHESTER, Saturday, OCTOBER 7th. PRICE ONE PENNY.

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CAVENDISH STREET CHAPEL.

THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

WE have seen nobler specimens of gothic architecture than are to be found in Manchester, but anyone who occupies a pew in the nave of Cavendish Street Chapel must admit that the building is an imposing one. Seated there a few Sundays ago, we felt that what have been termed our "religious criticisms" were justified: the very walls seemed to approve. It has been urged against us that congregations may be awkward, and even ill-bred, and yet sincere; that preachers may be destitute of fire, feeble in utterance, displeasing in manner, and yet have their hearts in the right place, and be earnest men. All this has a show of truth, and is calculated to make the critic pause. But depend upon it, whatever is in bad taste is bad altogether, and ought to be done away with. There can be no true union between the sublime and the ridiculous, the grand and the silly. Thus when a rather pretty and very well dressed young woman, who sat near us, and pouted and tossed her head imperiously throughout the service, stood up and sang, without any change of manner, that hymn containing the lines—

> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride,

we felt that there was something incongruous and wrong in the display. And so, often, when we have heard reverend gentlemen preach humility in a loud and extravagant manner, or crush a simple text with tall words and heavy ideas, we have wished ourselves at home.

After long years of very incompetent attempts at congregational singing, the Cavendish people have at last succeeded in sending forth a steady volume of sound, instead of the noise which used to ramble amongst the arches of their chapel, with the irregularity of the wind on a stormy night, and with something of thes ame auricular effect. This is to be attributed to the increased strength of the choir. The "singing-gallery" has been enlarged, and is in itself a tasteful and very effective piece of gothic wood-work; and the choir has been about trebled in number. Let us add, while on the subject, that if anyone wishes to hear an organ well managed and made to do its best, he can be gratified if he visits Cavendish Chapel. Last Sunday evening, the united efforts of organist, choir, and a large congregation, produced a flood of harmony almost as powerful and exciting as that which usually rises from the throats of a Wesleyan assembly.

The pastor of the Cavendish congregation has always been a person of some importance in the eyes of Manchester Congregationalists, and the advent of a new holder of that office awakened in them considerable interest as to his abilities and prospects. Prior to the declaration of the Cavendish deacons' choice, many reverend gentlemen anxiously speculated as to who would be selected as the fortunate occupant of the pulpit. That pulpit has hitherto been a prominent one: the people who do what is called "sitting under it" have always desired that their preacher should stand above all his fellows, and apart from them, as a special luminary. In Dr. M'All the church in question had, if we may judge by what our fathers tell us, one of the most eloquent preachers of modern times. His was the power of speech which could enthral the attention of his hearers for lengthened periods, without one solitary yawn or other premonitory symptom of weariness being observable on the faces of the listening assembly. His successor, Dr. Halley, had, we believe, somewhat of college reputation. But in the latter part of his Cavendish career he seems to have grown rather prosy, and the worshippers becoming somewhat fewer in number, the Doctor, for some reason or other, was induced to leave Manchester. Though we have but a slight opinion of Dr. Halley's literary talents, as displayed in *Lancashire Nonconformity*, we have heard him preach some excellent discourses; and we remember that, during the delivery of his farewell sermon in Cavendish-street Chapel, there was a very liberal display of white pocket-handkerchiefs. Congregations now-a-days seem to have forgotten how to weep. They öftener sleep. To Dr. Halley succeeded Dr. Parker. As to the nature of the peculiar abilities of the latter gentleman opinions differ. There is no doubt, however, that his ministration was a success; by which we mean, that, for the long time during which he occupied the Cavendish pulpit, he succeeded in drawing to the chapel a large though somewhat nomadic congregation. This, of course, is no proof of intrinsic merit or Christian usefulness. Sometimes, in a large circus, a vast assembly of people has been attracted night after night to witness the antics of a female Blondin. Dr. Parker's manner was the heavy theatrical; his style the theological-dogmatic. He would startle you with utterances which seemed pregnant with original wisdom; and when you came to read them in print, you found them to be very trite and commonplace observations. He would come down upon you with a crushing sarcasm; you enjoyed the irony; and when the sermon was over you smiled, went home to dinner, and narrated the Doctor's "last."

This style of preaching is, in our opinion, very pernicious. But it took. People went in crowds to hear it. It is not, therefore, at all to be wondered at, that a young preacher, dazzled maybe by the kind of success which his predecessor achieved, should try to bring about similar results in a similar manner. That Mr. Bray is an echo, an imitation—consciously or unconsciously matters little—of Dr. Parker, we have no hesitation in affirming. Granted even that there was a power in Dr. Parker, imitations are still weak and wearisome things. But Dr. Parker is not a refined model, and any mere copy of him must be still less refined. We caught the resemblance first in Mr. Bray's prayers. And here let us remark that any uttered prayer, which does not induce you to pray with the man who utters it, is a legitimate object of criticism. Mr. Bray's prayers are of this class. His hearers are prayed at, rather than for, or with. The addresses are American in style; the Deity is "orated." They abound in strong expressions and superlative sentences, such as "Devil-ridden humanity," "sin-blasted world," and others which we cannot remember. This sort of utterance reminds us of the oratorical power of that Yankee parson, who, preaching against the Southern states, said "We will fight them till hell freezes, and then fight them on the ice." It is called forcible utterance. Surely it is unnecessary in addressing the Creator, and is very unlike the simplicity of the Lord's Prayer. When we last heard Mr. Bray preach, the sermon was preceded by an announcement of an approaching tea-meeting. This also was delivered in the Parkerian manner. It was a habit of the Rev. Doctor's to try and be peculiar even in trivial matters. We do not like these attempts to be remarkable. So simple an announcement as that of an annual meeting should be made in a simple and straightforward manner. It is not witty to say that we "believe" there will be such a meeting, that we "expect" there will be some music, that we "suppose" there will be some tea. It is right that Mr. Bray should be told of this, otherwise he may imagine that such methods of advertising are clever.

The beginning of Mr. Bray's sermon was promising. The discourse was about John the Baptist, and the preacher made some remarks anent education in the desert, which showed that he could extract a fine idea from his theme. A wonderful sermon might have been preached from that idea of solitary communion with God. But the shadow of Mr. Bray's forerunner brooded over him. Is it that there is something in the great sleeves of the Geneva gown which compels Mr. Bray to imitate its late wearer? He indulged in the same sideways movement of the body, the same wagging of the head, the same

swaying of the hand, and the same portentous pauses which distinguished that orator. These are all pompous practices, but are quite meaningless. The reverend gentleman's attempts to be epigramatic completely dried up his discourse, making it more like a bundle of sticks than a living, growing, beautiful production. When some especially pregnant sentence had been turned, it was repeated again and again with a pedantic persistence. Lastly we were bewildered by a superfluity of incongruous metaphors. We heard of God forging thunderbolts in the wilderness, of speech burning up stubble, of battering-rams breaking down castles. We believe the Rev. George Gilfillan first introduced this style. It never had the right ring, and is now quite stale.

We do not call the foregoing an unfavourable criticism. We can assure Mr. Bray that it is possible to be much worse than we have depicted him, and yet to be almost one of the best preachers in Manchester. If the reverend gentleman will "take a thought an' mend" there is great hope for him. It is his misfortune, not his crime, that his first pulpet is so prominent, and that, almost destitude of experience, which no man can afford to dispense with, he has been placed in so important a position. The reverend gentleman is yet very young, and is perhaps still fired with earnestness. Want of experience is, maybe, the real cause of his greatest faults. To nothing else can we attribute the fact that he found it necessary to tell his hearers last Sunday evening that they ought not to ask a man how many quarterings were on his shield, and whether his ancestors were distinguished in the Wars of the Roses, or came over with the Conqueror, before they listened to him. We in Manchester are perhaps too much inclined to "smile at the claims of long descent." Had Mr. Bray said that his congregation ought not to ask how rich a man was before they acknowledged his authority the allusion might, perhaps, have been appropriate.

OUR PEARLS.

WHY have the Indian foreshores and gulfs so long held the reputed monopoly of pearls? There appears no imperative necessity to support this exclusive traffic; and, for any reason we see to the contrary, the rivers and lakes of the northern division of Lancashire may yet enter the lists as rivals of the purple seas in which the dusky diver has plied his trade from time immemorial to the present hour.

Were we to ask any fair lady of our acquaintance whether the modest moonlight orbs that shine in her hair were of British growth, the odds are about a hundred to one the reply would be something as follows:—"Who ever heard of pearl-oysters in these frosty latitudes?" And yet this answer, given in perfect good faith, would contain two fallacies; for the mollusc that produces the gems in question is *not* an oyster, and many of our streams *do* produce pearls, and beautiful pearls to boot. We might have known this from literary sources; we learned it from ocular demonstration. Some two or three summers ago, whilst wishfully glancing at a beautiful salmon-cast on the Tay, less than half a mile above the long and picturesque bridge of Dunkeld, we were rather shocked to see an elderly lady tuck up her scanty skirts to an alarming altitude, and walk deliberately into the neck of the pool. Our first thought was that she meditated suicide, for, without any motive we were then able to conceive, she thrust one long, lean arm into the water, and, stooping lower and lower, buried her head and neck under the swift flowing stream. Our fears, however, speedily gave way to curiosity, for, emerging from her bath, she dropped a dark brown substance into some mysterious fold of her dress, and, walking against the current a few feet in advance, repeated the performance. "What in the world are you doing there?" was our first question. "Hey, mon," replied the amphibious female. It was clearly useless, as well as very ill-bred, to bawl at a lady considerably above her knees in a rapid river, so we waited as patiently as might be till she waded to the bank and shook from her lap about a couple of dozen large mussels. Perhaps she felt chilled; at any rate she accepted a dram of Mackintosh's best, and this introduction over, a rambling conversation ensued touching her professional career. If dropsy grows by indulgence, the thirst for knowledge increases with what it imbibes. Our aquatic friend inspired us with a wish to learn more on the subject, and some scraps of what we so collected will be, as it were, pasted in as we proceed with our tale.

Some twenty years ago, a quiet, eccentric inhabitant of Killin—a charming village at the extremity of Loch Tay—amused his leisure in seeking pearls, partly on the shallows of the lake, and partly in the Dochart and Lochy. His stock being purchased by the Marquis of Breadalbane; the fame of the transaction spread, and a year or two later brought Mr. Unger, a dealer of gems in Edinburgh, on the scene. Unquestionably, some traditions on the subject must have lingered in the glens and vallyes of Perthshire and the neighbouring counties, since it is a matter of history that in the middle ages Scotch pearls were celebrated all over Europe, and even little more than a hundred years ago, between 1761 and 1764, pearls to the value of £10,000 were sent from the Tay, and the story of such an event would hardly have been forgotten. But to return to Mr. Unger. The date of that gentleman's first professional visit was in 1860, when he purchased all the gems, then collected, for a sum of £40. This looked like business to the practical Scotch mind, and a pearl epidemic broke out amongst the rural population. Weavers, cobblers, boys, bonnie lassies, and old women rushed like ducks into the rivers, before the ordinary work of the day began and after it had ceased, each collecting two or three score of mussels, in which the captor was almost sure to find a few gems. The result of this was that in the year 1864 the receipts divided amongst the "divers" in the Tay district amounted to fully £10,000, some single specimens being worth £60, whilst on the Doon alone, during the season, Mr. Unger paid between £2,000. and £3,000. per month to the parties that fished.

In the preceding season a controversy arose as to what rivers produced the best pearls. The evidence seemed to show that streams with lacustrine heads were the most prolific, as only four waters without this advantage, namely, the Ugie, the Ythan, Don, and Isla were found to be prolific, that the Doon, the Teith, the Earn, the Forth, the Tay, the Lyon, the Spey, and the Conon, rivers that run from, and in many instances through chains of lakes, stood foremost in the rank of Scotch gem-producing waters. When the works for supplying Glasgow with water from Loch Katrine were in operation, a part of Loch Venachar was laid dry, and many very fine pearls were obtained. This confirmed the idea that lakes were the natural *habitat* of the pearl-bearing mussel, and led Mr. Unger to attempt further experiments by dredging Loch Venachar, Achray, Lubnaig, and Achore. The success that followed his efforts induced him to send to London for a diver, and make a more comprehensive and systematic search. The Earl of Breadalbane was said to be unwilling that Loch Tay should be explored, but the Earl of Moray and Sir Robert Menzies placed Lochs Venachar and Rannock at his disposal. The result was, however, not very successful, the quantity of mud rendering diving both difficult, dangerous, and inconclusive. But it is not alone in Scotland that pearls are found. The Conway was noted for them in the time of Camden, and in Ireland the rivers of Tyrone and Donegal are amongst the most celebrated. In the Claddy, a small stream in the wildest part of Donegal, we have often been asked to purchase small lots varying from 50 to 100, but as we, at that time, knew nothing of "our pearls," and as they were produced from dirty pockets and huddled up in dirty bits of old newspaper, we did not believe in them, and so it came to pass that our ignorance lost us the opportunity of turning an honest penny. In Somersetshire, the Avon, as well as the Kennet and Avon Canal, abound with the pearl mussel, which there attains a very large size. We doubt, however, whether any person has yet possessed the necessary curiosity to "enquire within."

But to come nearer home. In Cumberland the Irt is a noted pearl stream, and why should not Windermere, Coniston, and their effu-

ents prove at least as rich? We possess no evidence to show that they have ever been explored, and in the absence of such evidence, have no hesitation in asserting our belief that they hold gems equal in quantity and quality to the best Scotch waters.

It may well be inquired why a branch of industry so lucrative has not been followed up with system and activity in the northern streams. The truth is, their value as salmon rivers is enormous, and proprietors are naturally unwilling that they should be waded from end to end, deeming justly perhaps that all would be fish that came to the pearl seeker's net, and we confess ourselves much of the same opinion. Thirty years since no London dealer would have looked at a Scotch pearl, but now, notwithstanding the search is conducted irregularly and under great difficulties, buyers from France, Italy, and Spain constantly attend the market. The pink-tinted pearls of Britain are now esteemed even beyond the Oriental. Her Majesty the Queen possesses a valuable collection, and the wealthiest ladies in the land are eager purchasers. In the face of these facts we may once more inquire why have the Indian foreshores and gulfs so long held the monopoly of pearls? This question seems more easy to ask than to answer, for were rivers that naturally produce the mussel so often mentioned, judiciously cultivated, and the habits of the mollusc studied, we believe there would be no lack of "our pearls."

THE OPENING OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The winter session of our Medical School commenced on Monday last, with an introductory address by Mr. Hunt. Introductory lectures are of two kinds—the sermonistic and the didactic; and from the little which was audible of this, we are inclined to place it in the former category. Neither sort is, in our opinion, very profitable, except perhaps as advertisements to the lecturer himself. Medical students would be quite as well off, *quâ* their future progress, if they were to enter the profession after the fashion of the subscribers to our New Exchange—without any ceremony whatever.

If, however, introductory lectures must be delivered, it would be well to select a lecturer who can gain a hearing, and make himself heard; in neither of which matters, we must admit, did Mr. Hunt succeed. Mr. Hunt's appearance is not of much assistance to him, owing partly to some singularity in his sartorial arrangements. We suppose, too, that he cannot help his style of delivery, or rather want of it; but, what he could have helped was giving a lecture at all; for by accepting a post for which he was unfit, and by acceptance of which, he, to some extent, brought discredit on the School to which he belongs.

The scientific taste of the day is not advanced by a sneer at the great names of Darwin and Huxley, or by slighting the importance of such aids to discovery as the microscope and the opthalmoscope, but while this is freely acceded, it must at the same time be admitted that noise is not wit, neither is vulgarity humour; that howling out the name of a student, real or imaginary, like minute guns going off during the lecture, becomes monotonous as a song and wearisome as a joke; and that to behave like a party of Fuegians on the spree is scarcely what we desire to witness in young gentlemen who have received a liberal education, and who are entering upon the study of a grave and absorbing profession. Next year, in all probability, these students will become members of a great educational institution, which is doubtless destined to exert a vast influence upon the future progress of the northern counties. They will then incur a double responsibility and duty—a duty to their profession, and a duty to their college. We cannot but hope that they will then gain some little of that repose which the poet says stamps the grade of Vere de Vere, and which at present outsiders cannot but conclude they sadly lack.

At the close of the address, Mr. Turner made some funny remarks, which were listened to with as much decorum as the lecture. Of course we knew what he would say beforehand, because he always says, and for a quarter of a century has always said, exactly the same thing, and we now believe it as implicitly as we know it. Still, we were glad to hear it once more. In these days of rapid change of opinion, we were pleased to hear the veteran again assure "his friends," in most impressive voice and manner, that "honour" was a desirable quality for a medical man, and that if he included "liberality and humanity" he would be, so to speak, all right. He did not make any reference to a knowledge of their profession being essential, except telling them that they were always to be students, like himself. These important and novel truths rang clearly on every tympanum, and sank deeply into every heart, where they will doubtless bring forth fruit in due season, as they have ever done before. It is a great blow to the school to have lost the active services of Mr. Turner, for in him it has not only lost its brightest orator, but also every chance of getting an answer to the all-important question, "Pray, what is Life?"

In case these few remarks from an outsider should meet the eyes of those whom it may concern, may we suggest that, if Introductory Lectures are ever given again, they should search "fresh fields and pastures new" for orators. But the best thing would be to abandon them altogether.

MANCHESTER BANKS.

THE SAVINGS' BANK.

IN 1817 a number of Manchester gentlemen met together and subscribed some four hundred pounds for the purpose of starting a Savings' Bank. These gentlemen were of opinion that, were the working classes encouraged to save, they would save, and that, indirectly, pauperism would proportionally be diminished. Heretofore old stockings and cupboard-corners had been the only banks in which the poor who were given to saving could hoard their wealth. It is almost needless to say such banks as these were not of the securest class, and that they gave no interest. In 1818 the Savings' Bank was opened; from that year to this it has never looked behind it, and has more than realised the most sanguine hopes of its promoters. At the close of 1818 the balance due to depositors was £4,618 14s. 5½d. The balance now due is £132,659 9s. 3d., and the assets in the hands of Government to meet this sum amount to £134,339. In 1818 the bank was only open once a week; now it is open daily, and on certain days nightly also. The first habitation of the Bank was in Cross-street, in offices. It then migrated to Marsden-square, and then to King-street. Now it has overgrown even its King-street premises, and will soon have to seek accommodatian elsewhere.

Many of the details of the bank's history are both instructive and amusing, and the depositors are many of them characters in their way, and the Bank officials are quite proud of their children. In 1832 there was a "run" on the bank. In a few weeks £37,000 was withdrawn. Again there was a "run" in May, 1839, but only £10,000 was then taken out. In 1861 the Post-Office Savings Banks were opened, and temporarily these reduced the deposits from £50,231 to £47,214, but by 1867 the bank made up this loss. In 1867 Mr. Neild, who had been manager since its commencement, died, and Mr. L. W. Andrews, the present manager, succeeded to the office. When we have mentioned that the interest paid to depositors by Government has varied from £4 per cent. to £2 18s. 4d., and that now it is 3¼, all prominent office details will have been touched upon, and we must now look at the political and social aspect of the Bank.

Politically, savings' banks enable the Government to handle and have at their command large sums of money at a very low rate of interest, and this command of money enables them, at times, to rule the funds. Government says that it gains nothing, but rather loses, by guaranteeing 3¼ per cent. That, of course, is nonsense; and we think 4 per cent. could and should be given to the working man for

his money; or at least, the trustees of savings' banks might be allowed to lend their money to Corporations, who would gladly give 4½ per cent. The Post-office savings' banks only give 2½ per cent., but the management of their banks is fearfully expensive when compared with that of a savings' bank such as that at Manchester, where ¼ per cent. covers all expenses. In a large town like Manchester, Post-office banks can never compete with savings' banks. The routine of deposit and withdrawal is very tedious, and the interest is lower; and, while the security is perfect, there is much greater opportunity for officials to peculate—that is, if they are so minded. Without doubt, the trustees of savings' banks must be strictly prohibited from speculation investments, but there is no valid reason against their supplying corporations with money to the extent of their legal borrowing powers. Such securities are as safe as any which we have, and the addition of even 1 per cent. to the interest would be a boon indeed to the working-class. In order to keep Savings' Banks in their own proper line of business, the amounts any single individual may deposit are limited, but yet, bankers complain that savings' banks divect much money from them, which money they urge, ought to be loaned out to the trading community. We are for free trade in banking; and, until private and joint stock banks will give the interest allowed by savings' banks, they must go to the wall, so far as working.class depositors are concerned.

Socially the good wrought by the Manchester Savings' Bank must be immense. The 331,496 accounts which have passed through its hands each represent a saving man, woman, or child, and the moral significance of these facts are self-evident. So great is the faith of the working people in the saving influence of this bank, that instances are frequent in which a depositor will borrow £5 from a loan society in order to deposit it in the bank, and then, leaving it untouched, save away to meet the loan society's requirements. One woman depositor, in describing her first beginnings, said that the first pound was very hard to reach, but that, when it was reached, it grew mightily. It is the old proverb exemplified—take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. Since the bank's formation 3,234,089 deposits have been entered in the books. Useful as is this bank, and widespread as must be its influences, we could yet wish its utility were greatly extended. By accomplishing such magnificent results it only shows us how much more remains to be done, and there is hardly a reason why every man, woman, and child in the lower-middle class should not each have an account to their credit.

Mr. L. W. Andrews, the manager of the bank, is quite an enthusiast, and doubtless much of the present prosperity of the bank is due to his vigorous superintendence. Mr. Andrews looks upon savings' banks as means for the extinguishment of pauperism, and is able to point out numberless examples of men who have become property owners entirely through the instrumentality of the bank. Certainly the bank points out that the true way of saving is not to spend, and this three millions and over which has passed out of the earnings of the working classes through the Savings' Bank speaks volumes for the rank and file of our local population. That a prosperous future is before the Savings' Bank is not difficult to augur. The rivalry of the Post-office banks will soon cease entirely, for working men will soon find out for themselves the immense superiority of the Savings' Bank, both as to interest and convenience of withdrawal, and if the Government can only be induced to allow the funds to be invested in corporation securities, the wealth of the working classes will speedily increase.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW EXCHANGE.—Hide and Seek.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents who desire the return of unaccepted communications should enclose stamps for the postage. Orders for copies of the *Sphinx* and back numbers should be addressed to the Publisher and not to the Editor.

No notice can be taken, in the Number for each current week, of any communication received later than Wednesday morning.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE MISUSE OF WORDS: "SCURRILOUS" AND "CANT."

THE way in which words are wrested from their true meaning, or misapplied, even by persons of education, is aptly illustrated by one or two recent pieces of writing in Manchester. Thus, the Rev. Mr. Milner, of St. Gabriel's, Hulme, in a letter to the *City News* of Saturday week, uses, or rather misuses, the word "scurrilous" in reference to some remarks of our contemporary on the subject of the incomes of the Manchester clergy. Now, the dictionaries tell us that "scurrilous" means "foul-mouthed," "obscenely jocular;" and whatever may have been the objection to the observations of the *City News* (into the merits of which it is unnecessary to enter), it is very certain there was nothing in them either foul-mouthed or obscene. The word "scurrilous" is, indeed, frequently misapplied in a similar fashion, in the loose current talk of the day, to any piece of strong but perfectly legitimate criticism; and as the word implies something extremely offensive, it is no wonder that such application is strongly resented by critics. Mr. Calvert, in his preface to his acting-edition of *Richard the Third*, appears to us to misuse the word "cant," which he applies to a critical opinion on the relative right positions of acting and scenery. "Cant" really means "a whining pretension to goodness," which is certainly not what Mr. Calvert intends to convey when he uses the word.

THE MUSIC IN THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The critics of the daily press have as yet said little or nothing of Mr. Sullivan's music for the so-called Lorenzo Masque, at the Prince's Theatre. For the honour of Manchester we must say a word about it, for fear that silence should leave a stain upon the (real or supposed) reputation of the city as the first musical town of the empire. Confessedly written as merely ballet music, and for a merely temporary use, it contains beauties and strokes of genius worthy of a better use and of a more lasting reputation. In sentiment it expresses elegant force, both of movement and of thought; the rollicking sort of hide-and-seek horse-play of a crowd of masked revellers, wonderfully shown by the odd bits of quaint solos dodging one after another all over the orchestra from unusual instruments; somewhat of the weirdness of the Shylock episode of the play; and a good deal of the wild glee of a southern carnival. All these varied sentiments are expressed in turn, and then all at once, in a masterly way, and by means as legitimate and as classical as wonderful. We thought the music suggested vague recollections of Mendelssohn, but if that be true it matters not. It is full of originality and of the fire of genius. Mr. Sullivan has written music which may be more lasting, which has certainly made much more noise in the world, but he never wrote anything better, and, indeed, few composers of any time have equalled it, in its way.

THE WISE MEN OF SALFORD.

By a majority of 43 to 6 the Salford Council have decided that it would be wicked to open the Peel Park museum on a Sunday. It would seem that we are still in the dark ages.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN MANCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—May I trouble you to insert in your next issue a few remarks on one part of your ably-written article on Manchester Photographers that applies to me, and that I consider requires correction? I do not "assert my right to improve nature," but I do assert my right to make a photograph as much like nature as possible by every means in my power, and I hold equally with Mr. McLachlan that the touch-out of anything beyond mechanical defects is inadmissable, the only

difference of opinion between us being how many non-natural or mechanical defects there are in photographs, and I hold that in the best of them there are a great many.—Yours truly,

JOSEPH WAKE.

6a, St. Ann's Square, Manchester, October 3.

THE NEW PROPHET.

Mr. Voysey is vigorously endeavouring to convert his temporary notoriety into a permanent reputation. He has inaugurated "a great religious movement, tending to combine a more general acknowledgment of the perfection and universal Fatherhood of God with a complete abnegation of all dogmatic trammels, sectarian bigotry, and superstitious ignorance." Its mission is to be to fight the doctrines of the Fall of Man, and the Atonement, and others of only less noxious character, such as the belief in a Devil, the doctrine of the Trinity, the Godhead of Jesus Christ; the expectation of His return to earth as the Judge and King of men; the doctrine of the Church as a spiritual and authoritative power; the doctrines of sacraments, of holy orders, of priestly interference and control in every stage, and of the necessity for priestly intervention at the burial of the dead. Goodness gracious, every individual item in the programme of this great new movement has been carried out by Unitarian preachers far more able, far more learned, and with far more honourable antecedents than this blatant gentleman, who prefaces his undertaking with such oaths as these: "I mean to work at it (*i.e.*, this great new movement) body and soul, by day and by night, if need be, in spite of any amount of opposition and discouragement. I don't mean to let it go till I am beaten off, as it were, lifeless. As long as I have a voice left me, it shall be raised to magnify the lovingkindness of the Lord, and to speak good of His name. No terror shall shut my lips, no bribes shall tamper with the utterance of my heart's thoughts, so help me God!" Such protestations come with a bad grace from any man, but from a man who has confessedly been tampering with the utterance of his heart's thoughts for twenty years or so, they come with damning irony. Not all the noisy protestations in the world can get over the fact that Mr. Voysey went into the church on false pretences, stopped in it on false pretences, and refrained from leaving it until he was expelled. We fear the great new movement won't move very far. A prophet is not made of stuff like this.

THE ASPHALTE QUESTION.

A little while ago it was announced that the corporation had made arrangements with the Val de Travers Asphalte Company to try a length of their much-vaunted pavement in that part of Cross-street opposite the new Exchange. We now hear that the Asphalte Company have cried off, and that the experimental length will not be laid. We find it difficult to understand this statement, for we can imagine nothing more damaging to the interests of the company—at any rate in this district—than to thus back out of their proposal. The street, as every one can see, slopes down towards the Exchange; but if the boasted pavement is not equal to a slope like this, it is the merest mockery to crow so loudly over it as certain correspondents of the papers have been doing. A pavement that is only suitable for levels is no sort of pavement.

BAD HABITS IN CHAPEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—The Unnecessary-Coughing-in-Chapel season has already set it with unusual vigour, and for the next few months those who really wish to hear what is being said in the pulpit will have a hard and vexatious time of it. How is it that respectable people, who can sit quiet enough in a theatre, or at Halle's concerts, are seized on entering church or chapel by a burning desire to make a noise of some sort, to the annoyance and irritation of their neighbours? Last Sunday I was in a large Oxford-road chapel. I am convinced that no theatre or concert audience would submit to the incessant interruptions which were accepted there as a matter of course. It is true the congregation was large, and colds were, no doubt, plentiful, but the amount of unnecessary coughing was so enormous that, after a fruitless attempt to follow the preacher, who is both earnest and eloquent, I subsided into a helpless, nervous condition, conjecturing who would cough next, trying to count each separate and distinct blast, altogether fascinated by the unmusical tempest. I came to the conclusion at last that coughing is contagious, and that you may be infected by your neighbour. Just as during a sleepless night I have heard a miserable cur, by one or two sharp querulous yelps, rouse to frenzied barking all the dogs within earshot, so did I find in this chapel one or two timid coughs taken as the challenge to an encounter of lungs. After a brief silence, caused by an impassioned appeal from the minister, some one—a lady generally—would give forth a slight suggestive cough, as if doubting the truth of, or hinting at the presence of *double entendre* in, the statement just made. We had also the gurgling nasal cough, enabling the listeners to trace, without the aid of diagrams, the anatomical connection between the nose and the throat. Then there was, in great abundance, the windy cough, produced by nothing save a desire to be like one's neighbours, but producing much impatience in the listeners. The gallery in the chapel, where the sitters are less aristocratic than their fellow-sinners in the area, did its full share to assist the tumult, anxious evidently not to be in any way behind their well-to-do companions. At times, indeed, the people, with one accord apparently, burst out into such a hurricane of coughing and nose-blowing, that I was surprised the preacher did not stop entirely until the tempest abated. To add variety to the noises, an old gentleman would occasionally, after arming himself with his handkerchief, attack his proboscis with great violence, and wrestle energetically with it, giving off during the struggle a series of explosive snorts, and filling us with wondering doubt whether the nose might not ultimately have the best of it. Another elderly hearer executed the preliminaries of his cough in a manner which strongly reminded one of a sweep operating on a sooty chimney. Admitting the necessity for coughing on some rare occasions, I would earnestly warn church and chapel goers against the vulgar habit of opening the mouth and bellowing whenever the tickling sensation is experienced in the throat. A cough can be more easily suppressed by closing the mouth and excluding the cold air than by gasping and lacerating the muscles with the exertions to which I have referred.—I remain, dear Sir,

AN OCCASIONAL CHAPEL-GOER.

THE TWO EXCHANGES.

OPENING OF THE NEW.

MONDAY being the opening day of the New Exchange, or rather the section of it which is now available for the accommodation of subscribers, the attendance was large, and the supply of gapeseed was abundant. Even the rigidity of the ticket system was relaxed upon the occasion, and a large number of cheap-trippers, country-men and country-women, found their way into the interior. For the most part, subscribers wandered about in an inconsequent manner, doubtful where to locate themselves, and formed themselves into small knots of gratuitous lecturers on architecture and interior decorations. On these points opinions were various, but at the present time it would be premature to pass any elaborate criticism upon the interior of the subscribers' room, as it is concealed and disfigured by the scaffolding, and the false roof beneath the dome, which obscures the light. These must necessarily remain for a long time yet, probably until the remaining portion of the building is completed. The strips of asphalte, two and a half yards in width, which intersect the floor, appear to be universally condemned as hideous to view and cold to the feet. We presume they have been put down experimentally and will be shortly taken-up again.

Whatever the merits or demerits of the room may prove to be, ultimately, one improvement has at least, already been secured, namely space. So far, there appears to be a disposition on the part of the subscribers to gravitate towards the Market-street side. In the portion next this street, the light is good, and the appearance more cheerful than in the centre. The Greeks seem to have settled down in this quarter, and also a large number of manufacturers, sellers of grey cloth and their satellites, such as oil agents, waste dealers, and others. In fact we may say that, according to present appearances, this portion of the building will be annexed or appropriated by the Greeks and Rum'uns. Many of the large yarn sellers have taken up fortified positions at the various arches on the same side of the room, and here Mr. Weston, Mr. Haworth (Dilworth's), Mr. Malcom Ross, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Shawcross, Mr. Berry, Mr. Darbyshire, and other well-known faces may be found without difficulty. Mr. Hanmer, as previously, has established himself directly opposite, and near the middle, and wherever Mr. Hanmer is, we may be certain that the Eagles in the shape of large buyers shall be gathered together. The Bazley and Jacob Bright pillars are no more, and where the two Liberal members for Manchester will permanently locate themselves when they attend, we have yet to learn. Mr. Birley seldom or never comes on 'Change, having other fish to fry. In the old room, the iron merchants, engineers and machinists always seemed to get as far away from the Greeks as possible, as if there were some repellent agencies between them. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether they will establish themselves on the Bank-street side of the room. Under the dome, many of the large merchants, and cloth agents will be found, as formerly, but so long as the false ceiling remains and the workmen are busy aloft we don't think under the dome will be a popular standing place, especially if there is any chance of a hammer, chisel, or mallet coming down with a crash through any of the apertures. Since the foregoing was written, our worst fears have been realized. On Wednesday, during High 'Change, a workman fell through an aperture covered by some canvass, from a height of thirty feet, and he has since died from his injuries. He narrowly escaped falling on the heads of the subscribers who were standing underneath.

The Bank-street side is cut in two at present by the Master's temporary office, formed out of one of the recesses. Some stands with newspapers are placed in this portion of the building. The reading-gallery is a great improvement upon the old uncomfortable place, and as it is completely shut out from the room below by large slabs of plate-glass, the din and buzz from the large room is very much deadened. It is to be hoped, now that the subscribers have a decent room to sit down in, that more spirit will be shown in the supply of periodicals. It took years before copies of *The Saturday Review*, *Punch*, *The Illustrated London News*, and other publications could be procured, and even now the supply of magazines is of the most meagre and shabby description.

In a few days, doubtless, the subscribers will settle down into their several localities, and be able to find each other without much difficulty. The peripatetic members will, of course, roam about as usual, seeking whom they may devour. No one can all at once arbitrarily appropriate any particular spot to himself, but this can be managed by mutual arrangement. A sort of prescriptive right belongs to first-comers, just as members of the House of Commons take possession of a particular seat at the beginning of the session, and are left undisturbed in it afterwards. At present the room is very cold. Ultimately, we believe, it is to be warmed by a heating apparatus. The few fire-places are all very well in their way, and one can toast one's shins at them occasionally, but as for heating the place with them, that is quite out of the question. It would require a strong imagination to believe that the fires warmed the room—

> O! who can hold a fire in his hand,
> By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
> Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
> By bare imagination of a feast?

THE STORY OF THE OLD EXCHANGE.

The poor, old, battered Exchange Building which has been in a moribund state for such a length of time, after having all sorts of architectural specifics administered unto it, finally gave up the ghost on Saturday last. Before the subscribers had left the room, it was *in articulo mortis*, and the act of demolition was begun by the removal of the fixtures and windows. Like poor Tom Bowling, here a sheer hulk it lies, and the subscribers, like the soul of the gallant tar, whose form was of the manliest beauty, have gone aloft. "Such a getting up stairs" as there has been this week "we never did see." Before taking a final leave of the old hulk, which has seen the making and the marring of so many fortunes, let us take a brief retrospect of its career.

Things, spinning and manufacturing, have changed considerably since the forefathers of the Leeches and Harrisons of the present day brought their yarns from Stalybridge to Manchester on the back of a pack-horse and sold them at Hyde's Cross, Withy Grove, about the close of the last century. We learn from that useful little compilation entitled *Records of Manchester* that in the year 1782, among other interesting local events which occurred, Lord North visited Manchester and dined with the gentlemen at the Bull's Head; also that an act was obtained for building the New Bailey prison, and that a panic was created in Manchester by the circumstance of 7,012 bags of cotton having been imported between the months of December and April. In 1790 it is recorded that the import of raw cotton was 31,500,000 lbs.; and the value of cotton goods exported was £1,662,369. After this period the cotton trade rapidly expanded, and the old Exchange in its original form, with the Post Office behind it, was built by subscription at an expense of £20,000, and opened on the 2nd of January, 1809. On the 8th of April, 1812, there was a riot at the Exchange on the occasion of a meeting for proposing a loyal address to the Prince Regent. In 1831 the first concert of the Manchester Choral Society was held in the Exchange dining room, and in the same year a dinner was given, in the Exchange room, to Mr. Wilson-Patten and Lord Stanley, (grandfather, we presume, of the present Earl of Derby.) In 1834 there was a meeting in the Exchange dining room to celebrate the termination of slavery in all the British Colonies. Since that time the Old Exchange was repeatedly altered, enlarged, and rebuilt. On March 18th, 1849, it was opened as the Manchester New Exchange by a full dress ball in aid of the funds of the Public Baths and Wash-houses. On the 10th of October, 1851, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and one of the princesses, and attended by the late Duke of Wellington, paid her first visit to Manchester since her accession to the throne. Addresses to the Queen from the Corporations of Manchester and Salford were presented in the Royal Exchange, and Sir John Potter, mayor of the city, was knighted on the occasion.

The Old Exchange was sometimes the scene of great political excitement, and men of eminence have been both cheered and hooted in the room. At one time it was not an unusual thing for a distinguished visitor to make a short speech to the subscribers, but of late years this custom has been discountenanced, with advantage to the peace of the room. Considering the varied interests which have been represented in the Old Exchange and

the infinity of disputes which have arisen, few personal encounters have occurred. There has, however, occasionally been a little affair of this sort, but it has generally terminated in one round, the attacking party having the best of it. If the defendant was prepared to "come up smiling" for a second bout, the spectators were always prompt to interfere, probably, as with the combatants in the Palace of Truth, much to the satisfaction of the pugilists. If the habitues of the Old Exchange were not as frolicsome and mischievous as the "boys" on the Stock Exchange, or as fond of snowballing and other sports as the cotton brokers on the Liverpool flags, they were always open to a little entertainment up to the last. A carriage with four horses in Exchange-street would at any time cause quite a *bouleversement* in the centre of the room, and line the windows with curious faces. The ladies who go to St. Ann's Square on Saturdays will for the future not be half so much stared at as formerly, and the occupation of the nose-flattener is gone.

In a former article, entitled "Veterans on 'Change," allusion was made to a number of these worthies who had lately passed away. Old "Sell and Repent" and "My Mind's Made Up" are traditions of the past. The queer, quaint figures of such millionaires as Mr. Wilkinson, of Stalybridge, Mr. John Leech, and Mr. Edmund Buckley have been missing for some years. Latterly Mr. Thomas Fielden, Mr. Jeremiah Garnett, Mr. Peter Joynson, Mr Haschè, the Souchays, and others whose names and persons will long be associated with the Old Exchange, have disappeared. Mr. Charles Souchay, however, survives in the flesh, and an occasional visit to the new building would be an agreeable reminiscence to his former fellow-subscribers. Only a very few veterans now survive to form a link between the remote past and the *jejune* present. How many, young or old, will ever enter the New Exchange, when finished?

MR. DE JONG'S FIRST PROMENADE CONCERT.

THE first of Mr. De Jong's winter series of twenty-five concerts took place in the Free Trade Hall, on Saturday evening last. We have much pleasure in congratulating him on its undoubted success. He has brought together an orchestra of great ability, both in its individual members and in its collective capacity. Considering the fact that Saturday night was the first occasion on which they have played together, it is very creditable to them that they played so well, and a pleasing proof of the soundness of Mr. De Jong's judgment in selecting them. Few defects were noticeable, and they were very small and not worth mentioning under the circumstances. The band is well balanced, has a pleasing accord and resonance of sound, and in execution is capable of responding to any call which can arise during such a series of concerts as the one it is engaged for.

The opening piece was the overture to *Marta*, in which the fullest justice was done to Flotow's music. The leading feature of the evening's orchestral music was Nicolai's overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This music, full of beauties, of quaintness and of originality, and plentifully sprinkled with difficulties, was given with a precision and an approach so near to perfection as to be not only highly welcome but a pleasant surprise. The audience was fairly taken unawares, and heartily testified its delight in a way that must have been cheering both to conductor and performers. The *Harmonious Blacksmith*, a selection of Offenbach's elegant trifling from *La Belle Heléne*, a waltz by Gung'l and one by glorious old Strauss, and a galop by Hertel completed the tale of orchestral music with one notable exception. It was all well played for a first meeting, and gave healthy promise of what is in store for the Saturday evening loungers of the coming winter, when the band has properly soldered together. The exception named was Jullien's "English Quadrille." It was faultlessly played, and in it Mr. De Jong not only "struck the chord," musically and in the melo-dramatic sense, but he opened a mine which will well repay a further digging. Oh! Old Surrey Zoo! and Oh! old brick Free Trade Hall! what fragrant memories of nearly a quarter of a century ago were revived by these familiar old strains! Hardly a foot was still in the Hall whilst it was played; many a heart, growing rusty with age and hard world-fighting, gave a long-forgotten youthful bound; many a creeping sensation went tingling along stiff old spinal marrows to suffuse itself over bleaching and polished old scalps, as the memories it aroused began to stir in their long-locked and dusty recesses! And when the evergreen Sailors' Hornpipe closed the fifth figure, how the audience stamped and clapped and shouted, and how they fairly roared "Encore," was a sight worth the seeing and worth the recording. Well! this present hand, now recording it, which has written over and over again against encores, their askers and their givers, itself went in with the maddest of them for an encore, and the head that guides it, and the heart that feeds it, forgave it on the spot!

The vocalist of the evening was Madame Cora de Wilhorst. She possesses a pure soprano voice, of full range, of considerable power, of moderate flexibility, but not of the finest quality. Her style shows evidence of long and hard study, and an honest endeavour to make the most of her talents. The management of her voice is perfectly under her control, and as she sang successively Italian, English, Irish, and Scotch music, it became clear that she had musical feeling of a very cultivated order. Madame de Wilhorst is new to Manchester, and we suppose to England, and although she cannot take rank with the sopranos of the first class, she will prove a very useful and a very valuable concert singer. We shall be glad of having an opportunity of hearing her again.

Altogether, the concert passed off very well. The room was well filled by a respectable and favourably-inclined audience. We had almost forgotten to say that Mr. De Jong played a flute solo—but that is, of course, and that he played it as he only can; but that is of course, too.

THE SCHOOL BOARD AMONG "EDUCATED" FOLK.

AFTER the School Board had begun to meet for business, one of the earliest subjects discussed was, if we rightly remember, the question of admitting the newspaper reporters to their monthly assemblies. It was fondly hoped, by the advocates of that measure, outside the Board, that by means of the labours of those stern hieroglyphists, the public would get to know what was being done towards extending the blessings of A. B. C. and elementary education generally, to the elementary men and women who sell us our newspapers, fetch our cabs, turn for us the unwished-for cartwheel, and pick our pockets generally in particular, without any apparent good result. In the debate on this subject the "ayes" had it, and we are supposed, therefore, to have seen in our daily heralds and brief chronicles of the times what we may term, in the latest sub-editorial slang, the "alleged" proceedings of the School Board.

We didn't, of course, expect much at first. We were prepared to find that some time would be consumed in each of the members airing his individual crotchet, or having a preliminary canter on his own hobby-horse, before they could all settle down to work. Some of these performances did take place. They were at once innocent and diverting. Mr. Wm. Birch, the junior (frightfully suggestive name), would have had them grab, with immediate hand, all and sundry juveniles, and give the young barbarians healthy and suitable bub and grub and tub, before taking the pill; and Miss Becker, disdaining the one difficulty unsolvable by the power of an Act of Parliament, made frequent and vivacious attempts to turn girls into boys and have them paid for accordingly. These "trials," as a calico-printer would call them, and several others, equally characteristic but less interesting, were got through somehow; a good deal of mutual forbearance was exercised, Mr. John Watts not making more than

fifteen speeches on each proposition and amendment, and not much time or temper was lost, and we began to hope that we should soon read something that looked like business.

It appeared that the Board had continued the work of the old Education Society in paying part of the school-wage of poor children, but, as somebody on the Board complained they hadn't sent twenty children to school and ought all to be ashamed of themselves, we rather agreed with the complaint, if this were all that had been done, but we couldn't believe that it was. There surely must be more. We could not, of course, suppose for a moment, that the gentlemen of the slip and pencil had yielded either to the dictation or the blandishments of the Board. They would only give an account of such things as were set before them. But perhaps, as it was suggested to us, neither they nor we knew all. The members of the Board were all honourable men, except one, and she by her own admission was a "lady," but a deal of work might be done in a sub-committee—a snug little gathering of three or four and no press. On looking back we can now see how what was a very faint notion grew into a strong impression, and finally developed into a settled conviction, that there must be more than met the eye, and that we had been gazing exclusively at one point alone, when we ought to have been taking a wider survey. Could it be possible, thought we, elementary education could mean a knowledge of some of the first principles of other things than the Criss-cross-row and its immediate companions? We rushed at once to the act and found that it did not confine elementary education to what education-mongers, who of all people in the world ought not, but do (and with a smile too!) call the three R's. It might mean anything!

While pondering deeply over this conception, we found ourselves constantly meeting, at various places, a person of whom we had no previous knowledge. He was always a quiet but interested observer, in private society, to which he seemed mysteriously to gain admittance, though without acquaintances. At the church, in the hotel smoking-rooms, and at other public places of amusement, he seemed constantly making mental notes. He could not entirely avoid creating some suspicion as he was without any ostensible employment, and was variously set down as a private detective, a life-insurance agent, a Russian or German spy, or a traveller for a wine-merchant. Several people endeavoured to pump him, but without the slightest effect, but being by accident left alone with him one day, we boldly told him that we had discovered his occupation—he was a School Board Inspector. His countenance, hitherto bland and inscrutable, was now full of alarm and dismay. When we reminded him that we were alone, and promised to preserve his secret, he recovered his equanimity after a while, and at length we fell into an easy and pleasant conversation, from which we learnt many interesting particulars.

Our newly-made acquaintance had been directed, we found, to make himself acquainted with the state of knowledge, or otherwise, generally prevailing in what we may call the respectable classes, the middle and somewhat higher ranks of people. The Board, it seemed, considered themselves tolerably well-acquainted with the virtues of the labouring population, and their strenuous efforts in the cause of educating their own children. These people, many of them at least, had paid nearly as much as one-third of what it had cost for the schooling of Tommy and Laura Maria, the government having found another third, and the miserably-paid town "Rector" having begged, borrowed, or, bazaar-wise, stolen and otherwise made up the remainder. It was considered prudent, therefore, before calling upon those higher in station, to take an active interest in the education of other people's children, to see what use they had made of the advantages they had, or were supposed to have, enjoyed. It was out of the question to attempt to limit these enquiries to mere matters of school instruction, and our Inspector had therefore ranged about pretty much at his own discretion.

The disclosures that he made respecting the honour and honesty of the various mercantile classes were something for which we were quite unprepared. They all seem endeavouring to persuade other people that three and two make six, and in some instances seven. There's Shingles & Co. for instance. Old Shingle had been clerk in a Joint Stock Bank which came to grief, and as he must do something he betook himself to shipping goods and sent them off in loads, all that he could get, to any place where any Liverpool house had a branch or an agent. It is true he knew nothing of goods, but he did of how to pay for them with other people's money, which was better. He then assumed an air of cautious prosperity, married the widow of a deceased publican in another town, who had money, which he was wise enough to have settled, and then started his carriage and pair. At the next crisis, he, of course, had to pull up. It was not so easy to manage then as it is now, but he carried it off by his superior style. His creditors assembled at that celebrated house for compositions and turtle soup—the Gloucester Arms—and he drove up, rather late, in his carriage, and limped into the room with the gout! Very sorry, gentlemen, no remittances from the other side, and so on, and his commiserating creditors accepted eight shillings in the pound, payable in two years. Old Shingle has retired now. He found it more difficult after each halt to start again, as his creditors knew he had means to live well with, which they couldn't touch, and it was impossible to punish him. His son now carries on the business with a junior partner who brought in some money, and has gone to take his turn of living at two or three of the foreign branches, such as Trebizond, Singapore and Valparaiso, to make himself acquainted with the business. Young Shingle pays £350 a year for his house, for as he says, "if I should fail what can it matter to my creditors whether I pay £50 or £350 a year rent?" and it certainly sounds philosophical to say that if you have no money, you may as well live dear as cheap.

The Sharebrokers' Exclusive Club is little better. If you give orders to buy a couple of thousand North and South Gradients, a speculative stock just now, you will find that they have been bought at the highest price quoted in the list for the day, and similarly, when you want to get out," your figure is equal to the lowest of the day's transactions.

"Apart, then, from business," we inquired, "how do you find matters in social life?"

"I was struck," he replied, "with the vast sum-total of ignorance shown by the upper middle class, and not only that, but with the horror with which they shrunk from being supposed to know anything, which did not immediately concern them. A question about the August meteor produced a dead silence at a dinner table of 'superior' people, and on remarking to Paterfamilias the aptness of Lowe's quotations from the classics, he replied with a smile of conscious superiority, 'Oh! I very soon forgot all my Latin soon after I left school!' There's scarcely anybody now-a-days" continued our informant, "who takes the trouble to think, or indeed knows how, if he wished, and as they don't think, they can't talk. Each man reads his favourite paper, and if he talks at all, talks what he has seen there, as his own. A very pleasant fellow, of good standing in society, said openly, the other day, 'I'm a Conservative, I know nothing of politics, thank goodness, but I'm a Conservative, I know.' We never talk politics as it is called, but we ventured to ask why! 'Because all my friends are,' was the answer—certainly as good as most reasons that we have heard, but hardly satisfactory. While we are upon 'Society,'" he added, "I was at a loss for some time to account for the awkwardness or want of grace in so many women in so simple a matter as entering a room or even walking across it or along the street. But the other evening I was standing up in a quadrille, and by way of cautiously beginning the conversation, put the time-honoured question if she were fond of dancing. 'Oh dreadfully,' she answered, and then went on to explain that she had had great trouble to pick it up, for 'Ma, you know, is a Dissenter, and they don't consider it proper to learn to dance.' 'Then you're not a Dissenter now, as you do dance.' Oh no! not now, I'm a—I forget the word—Oh, a Nonconformist!' Now the average Briton is naturally not too graceful, but it is cruelty to animals to bring up a girl under rules of repression, and prohibit her from learning how to add grace to nature in motion and at rest."

Our conversation was continued to a much greater length. We have at present, however, no opportunity of giving any further account of it, but shall hope to do so in some future issue.

FREE-TRADE HALL.

MR. DE JONG'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The SECOND CONCERT of the Season will take place on

SATURDAY, October 7, 1871.

SOLO VOCALIST:

Mdlle. D'ALMAINE,

(Her first appearance in Manchester)

The band will consist of fifty performers, selected from the best London, local, and Continental orchestras.

CONDUCTOR—MR. DE JONG.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Overture	Ruy Blas ..... Mendelssohn.
Song	Berceuse (Serenade) ..... Gounod.
	(Violoncello Obligato, M. Van Biene.)
Valse	"Am Schönen Rhein" .... Keler Béla.
Polka	"The Star of England" ..... Lamotte.
	(Cornet Solo, M. Jäeger.)
Song	"The Young Recruit" ..... Kucken.
Grand Selection (Meyerbeer)	"Les Huguenots" ..... arranged by Ch. Bastens.

PART II.

Overture	"Guillaume Tell" ..... Rossini.
Quadrille	"Chilperic" (Herve) ..... Godfrey.
Ballad	"The beating of my own heart" .. Macfarren.
Entr'acte	"Rosamunde" ..... Schubert.
Valse	"Kunstler Leben" ..... Strauss.
Song	"The dashing white Sergeant" .... Bishop.
Galop	"The Etna" ..... D'Albert.

Doors open at 6 45; commence at 7 30.

Admission: ONE SHILLING;

GALLERY, 2s.; GALLERY STALLS (Reserved and Cushioned), 4s. Private Boxes from £1 11s. 6d.

SEASON TICKETS (for 25 concerts), Gallery Stalls, £2 10s.

Plan of the Gallery Stalls is now open, and Seats can be reserved at Cowley-Squier's music warehouse, 24, Cross-street, where Gallery and Body Tickets and any other information can be had.

MR. DE JONG'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

In reply to numerous applications, Mr. De Jong begs to announce that children under 13 years of age can be admitted to the Gallery and Gallery Stalls (reserved) at half price, by ticket which must be purchased beforehand of COWLEY-SQUIER, 24, Cross-street.

MR. DE JONG'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Holders of Gallery Tickets for these Concerts will be admitted at the Peter-street entrance at a quarter past six o'clock, and holders of Body Tickets at the usual entrance at the same hour. The doors will be open to the general public at a quarter to seven precisely.

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE

The Annual

PUBLIC MEETING

Of the Members and Friends of the Alliance will be held in the

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER,

ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17TH, 1871,

When Addresses will be delivered by

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.,
GEORGE O. TREVELYAN, Esq., M.P.,
HUGH BIRLEY, Esq., M.P.,
WILLIAM SHEPHERD ALLEN, Esq., M.P.,
M. R. DALWAY, Esq., M.P.,
THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP MANNING,
REV. CANON BARBSLEY, M.A.,
REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.,
HON. & REV. G. H. VIBBERT,
Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.,
BABU SASIPADA BANERJEE,
From India,
HENRY LEE, Esq., J.P.,
Manchester,
GEORGE LEACH ASHWORTH, Esq., J.P.,
Mayor of Rochdale,
BENJAMIN WHITWORTH, Esq., J.P.,
(Chairman of Executive)
SAMUEL POPE, Esq., Q.C.,
Recorder of Bolton (Hon. Sec.).

The Venerable Archdeacon SANDFORD, B.D., will preside.

Chair taken at Seven o'clock; doors open at Six.

ADMISSION BY TICKET: Reserved seats, One Shilling; Gallery and Body of the Hall Free; to be obtained at the Alliance Offices, and the following places:—

Manchester and Salford Temperance Union and Band of Hope Offices, Barlow's Court, 43, Market-street; Tubbs and Brook, 11, Market-street; John Boyd, 15, Piccadilly; Henry Stanley, 67, Bury New Road; F. F. and E. Owen, 155, Rochdale Road; William Pennington, 175, Oldham Road; G. A. Chambers, 10, Oldham Road, Miles Platting; Thomas Ashworth, 114, London Road; John Daniels, 52, Oxford-street; William Fletcher, 219, Oxford-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock; E. Matthews, 32, Oxford-street, C.-on-M.; W. Chadwick, 103, Stretford Road; William Heys, 123, City Road; J. Faulkner, 147, Chester Road; Thomas Gibbon, 132, Chester Road; Charles Bent, 165, Chapel-street; Robert Wallace, 14, Windsor Bridge; M. Ridgway, 112, Broughton Road; William Dodd, 136, Whit Lane; Working People's Hall, John-street; T. Hallsworth, 77, Union-street, Ardwick; H. Paine, Aerated Bread Shop, Deansgate; William Holmes, 143, Broad-street, Pendleton; Charles Lowe, 17, Greengate, Salford; J. J. Howard, Grocer, &c., Stockport Road; D. Arlott, 126, Regent Road; A. Hiley, 83, Oldfield Road; Diocesan Church Temperance Society, City Buildings, Corporation-street; and at the various Temperance Halls and Hotels.

Registered Seats may be secured (1s. 6d. each) at the Alliance Offices.

*** The General Council will meet in the Assembly Room of the Free Trade Hall in the Morning, at Ten o'clock.

United Kingdom Alliance, Offices: 41, John Dalton-street, Manchester.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

SUNDAY AT THE SEA SIDE.

On Sunday, 8th October, the LAST CHEAP TRAIN of the SEASON to GRIMSBY and CLEETHORPES (high water at Grimsby at 12 noon) will run as under:—

	a.m.	Fares to Grimsby or Cleethorpes and Back: First class.	Cov. car.
Manchester London-rd. dp.	6 0		
Ardwick	„ 6 4		
Stalybridge	„ 6 0		
Ashton	„ 6 5		
Dukinfield	„ 6 8		
Oldham, Clegg-street ..	„ 6 0		
Park Bridge	„ 6 5	6s.	3s. 6d.
Guide Bridge	„ 6 16		
Newton	„ 6 24		
Stockport, Tiviot Dale	„ 6 10		
Woodley	„ 6 18		
Godley	„ 6 30		
Dunford	„ 7 7		
Grimsby	arr. 10 15		
Cleethorpes	„ 10 30		

Returning from Cleethorpes at 6.15 p.m. and from Grimsby Passenger Station at 6.30 p.m. the same day.

Passengers can return by the 2.30 p.m. train from Cleethorpes, and 2.45 p.m. train from Grimsby, on Monday, 9th October, or Tuesday, 10th October, on payment of 1s. 6d. each additional first class, and 1s. covered carriages.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester, September, 1871.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Every Evening, at Seven o'clock, terminating at 10·35,

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Prices as usual.

NOTICE.—In compliance with repeated applications, arrangements have been made by which persons desirous of avoiding the crowding that is sometimes unavoidable to the Upper Circle and Pit, may from six to half-past six enter by the Dress Circle entrance on payment of an extra charge of 6d. After half-past six the only admittance to the Upper Circle or Pit will be by the usual entrances and at the usual charges.

Box office open daily from eleven till two.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

NOTICE.—In compliance with numerous requests, there will be

A MORNING PERFORMANCE of the MERCHANT OF VENICE, This day (Saturday), October 7, commencing at two o'clock.

Prices as usual.—Box office open daily from 11 to 2.

This performance will be in every respect the same as the one in the evening at seven.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,

LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

On MONDAY, October 9th, and during the week. First appearance of Messrs.

LAWSON AND GARTO,

American Musical Clowns, from Drury Lane.

Engagement of

MR. J. H. RYLEY & MISS MARIE BARNAM,

Comedians, Duettists, and Dancers.

First Appearance of

MR. WILLIAM BAKER,

England's Premier Nautical Character Vocalist.

Engagement of Mr. ALBERT DEVOY, the Great Comic Vocalist.

Successful appearance of PROFESSOR ATHERTON'S Royal French

TROUPE OF DOGS,

Profession.	*Name.*	*Breed.*
Acrobatic	Formosa	French Poodle.
Comic	Sir Charles	French Poodle.
Laughable	Lion, the clown	French Poodle.
Sensational	Punch, the funny.	French Poodle.
Forget-me-not	Sir John, the cun-ning.	French Poodle.
Girl of the Period.	Little Spot	Maltese Terrier.
Vaulting	Prince, the cham-pion.	Danish Dog.

All should see the CHAMPION LEAPING DOG execute his Wonderful Feat of Jumping 9 feet in height and 15 feet in length.

Continued success of

MISS LOUISE LORNE,

The Great Sereo-Comic Vocalist.

IMMENSE RECEPTION OF THE

HARLOW TROUPE,

Four in Number, in their American Sketches, Jigs, Walk-rounds, High Pedestal Dancing, and Burlesques. Also

MADAME HARLOW,

The Greatest Female Drummer in the World.

BRAZENNOSE STREET DINING ROOMS.

NOW OPEN FOR BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, & TEAS.

CRABTREE & HEWITT, Proprietors,

17A, BRAZENNOSE STREET.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

[Read this with care and attention.]

THE MANUFACTORY OF MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

24 PRIZE MEDALS

in the grand exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the Public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

After a trial no family will be without SEMOLINA.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA. Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA Makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is the greatest delicacy prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is very economical. May be used with or without Milk. Recipes on each Package. 6d. lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister. Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.

MAYAR'S HOMINY, produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.

Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

ALEX. ROSS'S CELEBRATED HAIR PREPARATIONS.

HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for changing Gray Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX. ROSS, 245, High Holborn, London.

CORNELIUS SHIERS, 84, SHUDEHILL.
The best and cheapest Paper Hangings in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE AND GARDENS.
Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
The above popular and splendidly-appointed PALACE, covering 1½ acre, with the elegant Refreshment-room, IS NOW OPEN for the Season. The recent Elaborate DECORATIONS have rendered it the Most Fashionable and Agreeable Place of Amusement in the City. The Celebrated PALACE BAND under the able direction of Mr. O. Gagg, EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY. At Three o'clock. Admission, 6d. each. No extra charge. Sundays, for promenade, 3d. each.

SPECIAL TEMPERANCE MISSION
WORK FOR MANCHESTER AND SALFORD, DURING OCTOBER, 1871.—To include Special Meetings, Deputations, Open-air Meetings, House-to-House Visitation, Tract Distribution, Mothers' Meetings, Sermons, Conferences, &c., &c.

Chairman of Committee....Mr. ROBT. WHITWORTH.
Treasurer.....Mr. PETER SPENCE, J.P.
Hon. Secs.....Mr. W. D. B. ANTROBUS. Mr. T. A. HANSON.
Corresponding Sec.....Mr. EDWIN BARTON.
Offices—43, MARKET-STREET.

Oct. 7, Saturday.—Good Templar Procession, Albert-square, at 3 p.m., and Sermon in Lever street Chapel, by the Rev. Robert Mitchell, at 4 p.m. Collection on behalf of Manchester Infirmary.
Oct. 8, Sunday.—Free Trade Hall, at 2 30 p.m. Chairman, Mr. Peter Spence, J.P.; speakers, Revs. W. Hutton, B.A., Jas. Clarke, Duncan M'Gregor, and Mr. J. H. Raper. Reserved Seats, 3d. each; Tubbs and Brooks, Market-street.
Oct. 9, Monday.—Good Templars' Soiree. Roby Schools, Piccadilly, at 6 p.m., tickets 9d. Chairman, Mr. Frank Spence; speakers, Revs. H. J. Betts and D. M'Gregor, Messrs. Peter Spence, J. P., and Dr. Bowen (Preston), &c.
Oct. 11, Wednesday.—Lever-street United Methodist Free Church Schoolroom, at 7 30 p.m. Chairman Mr. W. Hoyle, Tottington; speakers, Rev. T. Snow, Messrs. J. J. Lees, W. Touchstone, and E. P. Ridgway.
Oct. 13, Friday.—Salford Town Hall, at 8 p.m. Lecture by Mr. Jabez Inwards (London), subject, "A walk through the Barley Fields, and the Breweries, or the Glory and Shame of old England." Chairman, Mr. Christopher Hodgson.

MANCHESTER SWIMMING SCHOOL, TATTON STREET, HULME.
Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
OPEN DAILY, from Six a.m. till dusk.
Admission, 6d. each.

VICTORIA WINE COMPANY, LONDON.
BRANCH:—19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.
Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 13s. per dozen; Hock, 10s.; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 28s. per dozen.
A. PEAK, Manager.

TO BUILDERS, &c.—ENAMELLED SLATE CHIMNEY PIECES, &c. The best and cheapest house in the trade. Works of Art Executed, Gas Cooking and Heating Apparatus on the newest principles. Tailors' and Hatters' Ironheaters.
W. E. SABIN, 21, BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.
N.B.—Price Lists on Application.

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use the Colloid referred to in the following paragraph. It is also invaluable for Washing Print Dresses and Coloured Frocks for Spring wear, whilst preserving their colours:—
SAPOLOID.—This is a Scented Vegetable Washing Powder.—It appears likely to supersede the Washing Compounds in ordinary use, which so frequently rot the clothes, and cause the buttons to come off. The Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of it, and of ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID, are Messrs. ALFRED WARD & CO., Withy Grove, Manchester.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCERS.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.
THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.
Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
AND OINTMENT.
Dyspepsia, Jaundice.—These complaints are the results of a disordered liver, which secretes bile in quality or quantity incapable of digesting food. Digestion requires a free flow of healthy bile, to promote which Holloway's Pills and Ointment have long been famous, far eclipsing any other medicine. Food, irregularity of living, unwholesome climates, and other causes are constantly deranging the liver, but that important organ can, under all circumstances, soon be regulated and healthily adjusted by Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which act directly upon its vital secretion. The Ointment rubbed on the skin penetrates straight to the liver, the blood and nerves of which it speedily rectifies. One trial is all that is needed: a cure will soon follow.

WHELPTON'S
VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS
TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)
Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.
During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys; and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.
Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO. Market Street; and most Chemists.

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WIDE BORE (New Pipe), Smokes Sweetly, and never gets foul and stopped up.
CIGARS—SAMPLE BOXES AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
WILLS'S BRISTOL MIXTURE IN ¼lb. CANISTERS, 1s. 8d.;
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Printed for the Proprietors by the SALFORD STEAM PRINTING COMPANY, LIMITED, 217, Chapel-street, Salford, and Published for them at the same address by SAMUEL KIRKBY KNIGHT, of 9, Walter-street, Regent Road.—Saturday, October 7th, 1871.
WHOLESALE AGENTS:—John Heywood, Deansgate; Abel Heywood, Oldham-street; W. H. Smith & Son, New Brown-street; J. Bohanna, Market-street; W. Chadwick, Stretford New Road; G. Renshaw, Bellhouse-street.
COMMUNICATIONS for the EDITOR to be addressed to 217, Chapel-street, Salford.

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